After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyM unto you : you are my prisoner,
but Your gaoler shall deliver you the
keys That lock up your restraint. For
you, Posthumus^ So soon as I can win
the offended king, I will be known your
advocate : marry, yet The fire of rage is
in him; and 'twere good, You lean'd
unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

POST. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

QraiEjv. You know the peril:—
111 fetch a turn about the garden,
pitying The pangs of barr'd affections ;
though the king Hath charg'd you
should not speak together.

[Exit Queen.

IMO O
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this
tyrant Can tickle where she wounds!—
My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but
nothing, (Always reserved my holy duty[4],)
what His rage can do on me : You must
be gone; ' And I shall here abide the
hourly shot Of angry eyes ; not
comforted to live, But that there is this
jewel in the world, That I may see again.

POST. My queen! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give
cause

witli this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Innogen,* the wife of Brute, King of Britain. There too he found the name *of.Cloten,* who, when the line of Brute was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was King of Cornwall, and father of Mulmutius, whose laws are mentioned in Act III. Sc. I.

MAI/ONE.

4 (Always reserved my holy duty,)] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON